

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I. NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1813.

[NO. 46.]

## Epistolary Correspondence.

(Continued from our last.)

MRS. COLVILLE TO MISS COLVILLE, AT C. PEMBERTON'S, ESQ. EUSTON LODGE, SUFFOLK.

*Monday evening.*

YOU will be surprised, and hurt, at hearing your brother and myself had an (I will not make use of the vulgar term quarrel, but substitute that of) altercation in the place, in consequence of your leaving the castle, and behaving what he termed unpardonably rude, to your guest. He returned from Sir Charles Hotham's about two hours after you left the castle, and, as usual, flew up to your apartment, and found Lady Charlotte kindly assisting me in replacing your drawings in the portfolio. "Your ladyship is giving my slatternly sister," said he, smiling, "a tacit reproof for inattention; what a room has she left, I must bring her into better order; her table resembles the counter of a printseller's shop."

"Your sister is rather to be pitied, than blamed, for what you term inattention," replied Lady Charlotte; "her mind was too much agitated by the sudden summons she received, or rather by the melancholy event that occasioned it, for her to think of drawings, or any thing else, but her journey."

"Journey," repeated Edward, gazing at us both with astonishment. "Yes, my dear Edward," I replied, "your sister is gone into Suffolk;" relating at the same time the sudden death of Emma, and the dreadful state of mind to which her sister was reduced; and concluding my recital, by informing him that Mrs. Pemberton's brother had been the relater of the distressing news, and had kindly come in the carriage, for the purpose of protecting and accompanying you to the lodge.

"I lament poor Emma's death," said he, in a tone of but little sympathy; "but surely, ma'am, the living had some claim upon my sister; and I am astonished you did not perceive the impropriety of Louisa leaving her visitor. I protest I am actually petrified with astonishment, and can scarcely credit what I hear."

"Your sister and myself are friends, Lord Colville," said her ladyship, in an impressive tone of voice; "and that is surely sufficient to set form and ceremony aside; had Miss Colville not yielded to my intreaties, I certainly should have quitted the castle; for I could not have enjoyed one moment of happiness, had I been the means of detaining her: therefore smooth your angry brow, and endeavour to make yourself agreeable; for resentment does not become your lordship's features."

"That angelic smile does yours, however," replied Edward, endeavouring to conquer his chagrin; but the moment Lady Charlotte retired to her own apartment, he remonstrated with me upon the impropriety of your journey,

in what I thought injudicious language, and in such as I never before heard him utter. I love my children far dearer than existence, but I never will forget the respect due to me as a parent; and I took care to remind your brother of it, who instantly acknowledged himself wrong, implored my forgiveness, and dropped a tear of filial affection upon my hand.

This circumstance convinced me, that Lady Charlotte is dearer to your brother than he has thought proper to acknowledge; for it was the fear your absence should be the means of inducing her ladyship to leave the castle, that soured his temper, and made him forget his duty, and respect; but the moment he found she intended honouring me with her company, he was my own Edward again.

And now, my beloved Louisa, let me revert to the subject with which I commenced my letter, and lay down a few rules for your conduct during your stay at the lodge. That Augustus Pemberton is partial to you, his whole conduct, even from a mere boy, has convinced me; but I have not been able to discover whether his affection is returned; you meet him, it is true with evident pleasure, yet not equal to that which you display at the unexpected appearance of your brother. Had nature formed you with an apathy of disposition, my Louisa, or did it possess any degree of coldness, I should think that even the sentiment of partiality you feel towards Augustus Pemberton, sufficient to insure your happiness in the marriage state; but, with a mind all feeling and sensibility, as yours is, I should be grieved at seeing its destiny united to that of any man, for whom you did not display the most decided preference; for though there are many persons who jog through life together, without experiencing the refinements of affection, or the pangs which arise from dissimilarity of taste and disposition, yet my Louisa was never formed for that state of indifference; and whenever you enter into a connubial engagement, it will either be the means of insuring your happiness, or totally destroying your peace.

From the various hints I received from Mrs. Pemberton, I am persuaded her son has made her the confident of his attachment; and I have no doubt, but, during your visit, he will very fully declare himself. I am therefore anxious, my dear girl, to prepare you for this declaration, that, previous to it, you may have an opportunity of examining the real state of your heart. Lady Charlotte assures me you have formed no attachment in London; and, with an arch smile, informed me, she thought nature had designed you both for a state of celibacy.

With the wishes of your brother, respecting his favourite Mr. Barker, he has (since I began this letter), informed me, he made you acquainted; and the desire he had, that you and this truly respectable young man, should enjoy the society of each other, is one of the reasons he assigned for displaying so much displeasure at your friendly visit to the lodge. Augustus, amiable as he is, was never one of Edward's favourites; he considers him too tame, and too

insipid for his taste; and, when I remarked the sweetness of his temper, and the delicate attention he displays towards his family, he replied, "Surely man was born to perform higher duties than these; duties that do not interfere with the domestic virtues either of father, husband, or son. Pemberton, my dear mother, would have shone as a female character; and all who know him are ready to allow he is a good hearted fellow; he can play upon the flute, translate one of Petrarch's sonnets, and his imagination has converted my sister into a Laura; but, if she should ever unite her destiny with this would-be Petrarch, she will too late find a wide distinction in their characters. She will in vain look for a companion capable of drawing forth those shining qualities nature has bestowed upon her, or of informing her understanding upon more scientific subjects; and then painfully acknowledge, that something more is required than those placid virtues, which I readily allow Pemberton to possess."

As this conversation passed between us within twenty minutes, I have related it not only correctly, but with minuteness; not even wishing to bias you in Mr. Barker's favour, or to prejudice you against Augustus; for neither may be the men destined to become the husband of my Louisa, or she may even never meet with one to whom she can become tenderly attached.

*Tuesday morning.*

You have frequently heard me observe, I considered no character so despicable as that of a conqueror; and on that account it is that I have so fully expatiated upon a subject, that interests my tenderest feelings. If you prefer Augustus Pemberton to any other young man of your acquaintance—if you feel time hang heavy in his absence, or fly with rapidity in his presence—if you are uneasy at observing him pay attention to other females, and in those females discover a variety of imaginary failings, rest assured you then are sufficiently attached to him to enter into an irrevocable engagement. But, on the other hand, if his accomplishments amuse, and his polite attentions are merely pleasing; if, when he quits your society, you experience no solicitude, or think the moments drag heavily along, you merely regard him as a pleasing acquaintance, and a polished young man. In the latter case, hesitate not a moment; acknowledge the compliment he has paid you, by preferring you to all other young women; and assure him, in the most decided manner, that though you can never receive his visits as a lover, you shall ever consider him in the light of a friend. In that capacity, advise him to shun your society for a short period; for love, though the most ungovernable of passions, cannot long subsist without hope; and assure him, that by changing the scene, and mixing with other young ladies, he will soon surmount an ill-placed regard.

In giving this advice, my dear girl, you must be careful to banish the most distant idea of



hope; he will, in all probability, implore you to allow him only the gratification of paying you attention; but here I must assume a mother's authority, and tell you, that you must either accept or reject Augustus; for nothing is so injurious to a young woman's character as that of having dangles in her train. Should the attentions of Augustus be agreeable to you, inform him that marriage is out of question, until you are of age; and deeply do I lament the necessity of expressing my sentiments upon the subject, so long before that sacred engagement can take place. A wife, my dear girl, has many serious and important duties to learn, of which you, who have scarcely finished your education, must be totally ignorant; and never will I accompany the child of my fondest affection to the altar, until I consider her capable of performing them to their fullest extent. There is, doubtless, something truly romantic in the idea of a young man falling desperately in love with the original of a portrait, on which he had been exercising his taste; but strange as it may appear, your brother assures me this has been Mr. Barker's case.

(To be continued.)

THE UNNATURAL MOTHER,  
OR,  
THE HISTORY OF A VIRTUOUS SON.  
(Concluded from our last.)

ONE day, being in his factory among his numerous workmen, who were as much attached to him as if he had been their common father; and beholding the prosperity of his affairs, and the success of his efforts, he felt that satisfaction which is experienced by every industrious man who sees that heaven gives its blessing to his exertions. His spirits were even somewhat elevated; he was conversing familiarly with his men, when his mother suddenly rushed in, and like a fury overwhelmed him with reproaches and abuse. The son foresaw what was likely to happen, and was desirous of preventing the consequence. Fearing, lest his mother should expose herself before his men, he good-humouredly took her by the hand, and exhorting her to laugh with him and to drop all quarrels, he endeavoured to lead her out of the shop, and to remove her from the sight of his people, who were shocked at her conduct. She, however, obstinately resisted his intention, and became still louder and more abusive. Her son, thinking it his duty to spare his mother this exposure if possible, renewed his efforts to lead her away, and to put an end to this scene. She struggled violently, disengaged herself from him, and ran away in a most violent fit of rage. Her son too withdrew, overwhelmed with grief. She immediately commenced legal proceedings against him for an assault upon her before all his workmen. The latter, when they heard of this, were filled with indignation, and unanimously offered to appear in his behalf. Their master thanked them, and suffered judgment to go by default, chusing rather to pass for guilty than to defend himself against his mother. He was therefore sentenced to pay a fine, which he did without uttering a single complaint; still continuing to keep his mother in his house, and to treat her as he had done before.

About three months after this circumstance, Mrs. Charlton was one morning found dead in her bed. The medical men who were immediately sent for, discovered in the corpse the marks of a violent death. This was rumoured through the town; many people, judging only

from appearances, and knowing the disharmony which subsisted between Mr. Charlton and his mother, began to whisper their suspicions that he was the perpetrator of the deed. The coroner's jury was summoned to inquire into the cause of her death, and the result of their investigation was a verdict of wilful murder against her son. He was accordingly apprehended, and thrown into prison among criminals of the worst and lowest description. In this miserable situation he passed several months. During that time, this good son contemplated his wretched lot, and could not help remarking, that from his earliest infancy his mother had disturbed the peace and happiness of his life; that she had blasted his honour and character; that she alone was the cause of his having never enjoyed any real pleasure in all his life; and that on her account he should perhaps perish on a scaffold, covered with infamy, and looked upon as a parricide even by his friends. These reflections made him shudder, and for a moment overwhelmed his soul with dejections; but soon his conscience, which had nothing to reproach him with, and bore witness that he had always done his duty, cheered his spirits, and revived his confidence in that eternal Providence, which directs all human events, and which often puts innocence and virtue to the severest trials, only to give them the greatest lustre. His hopes were not vain; for while innocence was thus suffering, heaven was preparing the moment when its tears were to be wiped away. Two of Charlton's workmen were taken up on a charge of having committed some petty depredations; and feeling all the torments of a conscience burdened with guilt, these wretches voluntarily confessed to the magistrate that the sight of oppressed innocence compelled them to declare, that Mr. Charlton, in every respect a dutiful son and a good master, had not murdered his mother; that it was themselves, who, for the sake of her money and jewels, had strangled her while asleep in the middle of the night. This confession of the villains was sufficient to exculpate the unfortunate Charlton. His innocence was made public. The whole town, filled with admiration of his virtue, restored him to the place which he had before held in the general esteem. From that moment he reaped the reward of his noble and generous conduct; his concerns prospered, his family increased, and at this day his children and grand children treat him with that respect and tenderness which he always manifested for his mother.

MR. CHATTERTON.

THE late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius. Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution—I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined—we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflections; but what will not melancholy and adversity

combined, subjugate? In three days after, the neglected and disconsolate youth put an end to his miseries by poison.

INVOCATION

TO THE SPIRIT OF CHATTERTON.

SPIRIT of rashness! whose immortal name  
Strikes on the ear with charming force of woe,  
Whose Spartan mind disdain'd complaint as shame,  
On whom no hope could kindly balm bestow!

Ah! deem me guiltless of the wish to hold,  
To rude reflection, and unhallow'd gaze,  
The awful memory of the dead, enroll'd  
Victims of will, ere Fate's award of days!

If to enquire shall not to thee appear  
The officious workings of an unblest'd zeal;  
Where'er thou art, my Invocation hear,  
And, if permitted, what I ask reveal!

O say—whose genius, like the summer sun,  
From which at dawn unheeded blessings flow,  
Burst nobly forth, ere manhood's dawn begun,  
To shine unnotic'd, and unfelt to glow;

Say, with despair, from night stol'n grave yawn'd up,  
What horrid hag, with pestilential breath,  
Combin'd to drug thee such a damning cup,  
And harrow Nature with thy tale of death?

Was it or squalid Want, who loath'd by all,  
Like treason tainted rogue, or plague-struck loon,  
Skulks by the lonely tomb, or mould'ring wall,  
Mouthing her witcheries to the blinking moon?

Or Calumny, from whose dread, subtle, spell,  
Nor moated tower, nor holy shrine defend:  
Who blights the prospect where the happy dwell,  
Confounds the noble, and the poor man's friend!

Or empty arrogance, from riches sprung,  
Who all save that uncleanly Mammon scorns;  
Treads down the suppliant, mocks the fault'ring  
tongue,  
And plants the pallet of the wretch with thorns?

Say, did not Love too deeply pierce thine heart?  
Haply, Caprice, might barb the shaft he drew:  
Didst thou not strive to wrench away the dart;  
And, in the struggle, wrench thine heart-strings too!

Was't bold Integrity, untaught to cow'r,  
And bow the knee before the lords of pride;  
Who urg'd thee on, disdainful of their pow'r,  
Beyond their reach to take so large a stride?

Ah, kindly say; for lo! the hasty throng  
Have stain'd thy tomb with Pride's ungracious name!  
Inform the Muse, and let her happy song  
Declare the tidings, and retrieve thy fame.

Once more! nor longer will I mar thy rest;  
Once more—I falter as the words proceed—  
Say, may I hail thee partur of the blest,  
Or perish all who self-devoted bleed?

A hollow accent smote my wondring ear;  
With dread I listen'd, trembling I relate.  
"O, thou, permitted from the dead to hear,  
Presumptuous, pry not in the will of Fate."

Why death I sought, for thee no good contains;  
Go, thou, and wisely profit by my shame:  
Tho' all of obloquy my mem'ry stains,  
Beyond the grave none hear the voice of fame.

Whate'er my meed ~nipotence is just;  
In ev'ry ill be resignation thine.  
Great is his mercy; yet, O son of dust!  
Tempt not his vengeance, by a deed like mine!"

A DIAMOND.

Diligence alone is a good patrimony; but neglect  
will waste the fairest fortune. One preserves and  
gathers; while the other is the dissolution of all.



## Variety.

### CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

*A Gentleman late from Tennessee, gives the following narrative:*

A person was digging after salt petre in the summer of 1811, on the waters of Duck river, Smith county, state of Tennessee; he discovered a large stone set against the mouth of a cave; curiosity led him to overset the stone. On entering the cave which appeared natural, in a lime stone rock, something resembling a vault, or ancient sepulchre, he discovered deposited in the cave, the bodies of two human persons, a male and female, each in a curious wrought basket, made of splits of cane. The bodies were in a sitting posture. Around each body was wrapped a kind of large shroud, or plaid, seemingly wrought with the fingers, made of lint of something resembling wild nettles, or indian hemp. Both bodies and shrouds were entire. The bodies were consolidated.

A number of doctors, and the curious from several states, visited the cave. The body of the male was dissected in hundreds of pieces, every one being desirous of having a small piece of the body and shroud. In dissecting the flesh as consolidated, it cut resembling seal leather. The man appeared old and grey-headed. The female appeared a child about seven years old; she was transported entire with her shroud to Peal's museum in Philadelphia. The baskets still remain in the cave, with their bottoms consolidated fast to the rock. Some of the oldest Cherokee Indians were sent for, but could give no account of ever hearing of the cave, or the persons interred. Conjectures by most that have heard of or seen the bodies, allow that they must have been Indians, and the attractions of the limestone, or perhaps mixed with mineral substances, preserved their bodies in that state, perhaps for some hundred years. The gentleman who relates the narrative, is a man of veracity, nephew to judge Drennan, of this county. He procured a piece of the shroud, and left it with the judge, which piece we have seen. [West. Cab.]

### STORY OF TWO CORDELIERS.

BY MARGARET VALOIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

TWO cordeliers, arriving late one evening at a little village, were obliged to lodge at a butcher's, and the chamber where they lay was only separated by a few boards from that where the butcher and his wife slept. Curiosity led the cordeliers to hearken what the man and woman were conversing about. The husband began talking of his domestic concerns, and said, "I must get up, my dear, to-morrow betimes and give a look at our cordeliers; one of them is, I think, in very good order, but we will kill both, and salt them down, which will turn well to our account."—Although the butcher spoke only of his pigs, which he jocosely called cordeliers, the poor friars were so horribly frightened, that they were ready to expire with fear, and resolved to save themselves by jumping out of the window. The thinnest of the two fell lightly on the ground, and ran as far as the town without waiting for his companion: the other followed his example; but being very fat, fell so heavily, that he broke his leg, and with much difficulty crawled to a little shed which he found not far off, and which

proved to be precisely the place where the pigs (his brother cordeliers) usually lay. Early the next morning the butcher got ready his knife, and went straight to the sty:—"Come, my cordeliers," said he, "come out, come out, for to-day I am resolved to eat some of your puddings." The cordelier cried out for mercy; and the butcher, who concluded that St. Francois had metamorphosed one of his pigs into a friar, on purpose to punish him for having sported with the name of a religious order of men, was overcome with fear; but the matter being soon explained, the good fathers, in gratitude for their hospitable reception, and fortunate release from their fears, very peaceably parted with their host, and very kindly comforted him with their benediction.

### THE MARVELLOUS STORY TELLER.

ONE who had travelled as far as Persia, spoke to his man John, as he was returning home, telling him how necessary it was that a traveller should draw things beyond the life, otherwise he could not hope for that respect from his countrymen which otherwise we might have. But at the same time John, said he, wheresoever I shall dine or sup, keep you close to my chair, and if I very much exceed the bounds of truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself. It happened on a day, that he dined with a gentleman, where he affirmed, that he saw a monkey in the island of Borneo, which had a tail threescore yards long. John punch'd him. I am certain it was fifty at least. John punch'd again. I believe to speak within compass, for I did not measure it, it must have been forty. John gave him t'other punch. I remember it lay over a quickset hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty. John at him again. I could take my oath it was twenty. This did not satisfy John. Upon which the master turned about in a rage, and said, would you have the monkey without any tail at all?

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1813.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE French letter of Marque ship Eugene arrived at this port from Bordeaux, with a cargo of brandy, left it about the 1st of Feb. Nothing new transpired.

The French frigate Gloria, of 44 guns, has, it is said, in compliance with the orders of the French emperor, destroyed several American vessels on their way to Spain and Portugal.

The ship Powhattan, Roberts, from Bordeaux, with a cargo of brandy, has arrived at this port, after being taken and retaken four different times.

Besides several valuable prizes lately brought into different ports of the U. States, the privateer PAUL JONES, capt Dobson, of this port, of 16 guns and 150 men, will add considerably to the number, if they all arrive safe. The Paul Jones, after a cruise of three months, off the Western Islands, has made nine prizes and about 300 prisoners, without losing a man or receiving a shot—viz. British ship Seaton, of 12 guns, from St. Salvador to Lisbon, with flour, rum, &c. Recaptured the brig Little James, from Lisbon for Salem, which had been captured by a British cruiser. Captured the British ship St. Martins Planter, of 12 guns, from London to Malta, with sugars and spices; cargo estimated at 150,000 dollars. Captured the British transport ship Canada, of 10 guns, having 100 troops and 42 horses on board; this ship ransomed for 13,320 dollars. Captured the British ship Quebec of 12 guns, from London for Gibraltar, with 750 packages of dry

goods, and 100 bales of India goods; this cargo estimated at 300,000 dollars. Captured sloop Pearl, of London, from St Michaels for London, with fruit. Captured brig Return, of London, from Cumana for St. Michaels. Captured brig John and Isabella, of Berwick on Tweed, which had been blown out of St. Michaels—also the brig London Packet, of 6 guns.

In consequence of the blockade of our southern coast a considerable number of vessels that have been turned off have arrived here.

A letter from Norfolk, of the 18th inst. says, "an attack is soon expected on that town by the British squadron; as the boats were busy in bouying out the harbour; and that the inhabitants were in great consternation, and those able were moving out of town."

It is said, by a letter from Albany of the 13th, "that Gen. Provost was at Kingston with 12,000 regulars—that the American force at Sackets Harbour, was 7,300 and daily increasing; that a battle was considered as inevitable; and that a Mr. Livingston had been hung at Sackets Harbour as a spy."

On the 6th inst. a fire broke out in a bake-house at Norfolk, by which 25 houses were consumed, and two young men perished in the flames.

The National Intelligencer of the 10th inst. says, It is understood, that the emperor of Russia has offered to the U. States and G. Britain his mediation, with a view to promote peace between them; and that a communication to this effect has just been made to our government by Mr. Dashkoff. This proposition is believed to have originated in motives no less honorable to his imperial majesty than friendly to both parties. It is to be presumed, that our government, steadily adhering to its principles, will not hesitate to accede to a measure, which, having PEACE solely and simply for its object, may be beneficial, and cannot be injurious to the U. States.

It has been rumoured at St Barts, and believed, that the Island of St. Lucia was to be given up by the English to the Swedish government, for the further promoting the supply of the colonies.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. George Shireff, to Miss Isabella Pearl, 7th daughter of Mr. David Pearl, all of this city.

By the Rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. Jacob Pratt, merchant, to Mrs. Charlotte Gamble, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Blackburn, of Brooklyn, Mr. Henry T. Wheeler, to Miss Mary Smith, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Jacob Messerve, of N. York, to Miss Deborah H. Creemer, of Woodbridge, (N. J.)

By the Rev. Mr. Romayne, Mr. Benjamin R. Benson, of Harlaem, to Miss Elizabeth Adelaide Gautro, daughter of Mr. Hovier Gautro, formerly merchant of this city.

By the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. John Harned, merchant, of this city, to Miss Harriet Biggs, of Philadelphia.

At Kingston, by the Rev. Mr. Gasner, Mr. Abraham Smith, merchant, of this city, to Miss Margaret Van Gasbeck, of the former place.

## Obituary.

### DIED,

Of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Hannah Davids, in the 27th year of her age.

After a short illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Mary Denny, wife of Henry Denny.

In the 61st year of his age, Mr. George Suffern, after a short but severe illness.

In the 49th year of his age, Mr. John Marshall, after a short but severe illness.

Mr. John G. Page.

Mrs. Priscilla Mills, wife of Mr. John Mills, in the 40th year of her age.

John Charlwood, Steward on board Gun-boat No. 99, lying off Corlear's Hook.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### ADVICE TO BEAUTY.

FASCINATING power of Beauty;

Bending to thy magic sway;  
I, impell'd by sacred duty,  
Fascinating power of Beauty,  
Sing to thee my simple lay.

Think not though the fairest creature,  
Nature ever brought to light;  
Blooming grace in every feature,  
Even in you, ye fairest creature,  
With dull ignorance can delight.

Tho' your eyes may sparkle brightly,  
Shun seducing flattering praise,  
Nor in Fashion's vigils nightly,  
Though your eyes may sparkle brightly,  
Boldly seek the Coxcomb's gaze.

Your cheek may vie with Spring's own rose,  
Nor lillies grow more pure or fair;  
But know the sweets her breast inclose,  
'Tis that which charms in Spring's lov'd rose—  
Who for gay painted tulips care?

I saw a lovely violet growing  
'Midst thick shade its sweets I spy'd;  
I clear'd the spot, its beauty showing,  
But, ah! no more my violet growing,  
Scorch'd by the sun, it droop'd and died.

Thus Modesty, the female's treasure,  
Of Beauty's self the gem and grace,  
Transplanted midst the haunts of pleasure,  
'Twill droop and die, this female treasure,  
For home's its lov'd its native place.

Sweet Philomel, whose plaintive lay  
With rapture fills each list'ning ear,  
Examin'd by the light of day,  
You would not think so sweet a lay  
From plumage plain as his to hear.

Would you be FAIR! improve your mind,  
The throne of each celestial grace;  
Would you true Love or Friendship find?  
O, let (emerging from your mind)  
Your virtues animate your face.

M. A. W.

### AN UNUSUAL AND SINGULAR FACT.

At the celebrated battle of Talavera, which was fought on all sides with such sanguinary fury, as has seldom been equalled, a circumstance rather uncommon in the annals of modern warfare took place. A brook of running water crossed the field of battle, and served, in some measure, as a barrier to the encroachments of either party. Here, during a short suspension of arms, were to be found, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, supplying the feverish wants of nature, and losing all animosity as individuals, shaking hands across the streamlet as brothers well met. This circumstance in the beautiful poem entitled the "Battle of Talavera," just given to the public, is thus admirably delineated.

New-London paper.

### BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

THERE is a brook, that from its source,  
High in the rocky hill,  
Pours o'er the plain its limpid course,  
To pay to Telo's monarch force  
Its tributary rill:

Which in the peaceful summer tide,  
The swathy shepherd sits beside,

And loitering pours his rustic song  
In cadence, as it rolls along;  
Carol of love, or pious chaunt,  
Or tale of knight, and giant gaunt,  
And lady captive held;  
Or strain, not fabled of the war,  
Where the great champion of Bivar,  
The Moorish pagan quell'd.

But now, no shepherd loiters there—  
He flies with all his fleecy care,  
To mountains high and far;  
And starts, and breathless stops to hear,  
Borne on the breeze, and to his fear,  
Seeming at every gust more near,  
The distant roar of war.

New on the streamlet's margin green,  
Other than shepherd's forms are seen,  
And sounds unlike the rustic song,  
The troubled current rolls along;  
When of the cooling wave to taste,  
From either host the warriors haste,  
With busy tread and hum;  
You would have thought that streamlet bound  
Were listed field or sacred ground,  
Where battle might not come.

So late in adverse contest tried,  
So deep in recent carnage dy'd  
To mutual honour they confide  
Their mutual fates; nor shrink  
To throw the cap and helm aside,  
As mingled o'er the narrow tide,  
They bow their heads to drink;  
Or, nature's feverish wants supplied,  
Unarm'd, unguarded, side by side,  
Safe in the soldier's faith and pride,  
They rest them on the brink.

They speak not—in each other's praise  
Unskill'd—but yet the thoughts of praise,  
And reverence to unfold,  
The heart has utterance of its own;  
And ere the signal trump had blown,  
And ere the drum had roll'd;  
The honest grasp of manly hands,  
The common link of distant lands,  
That sign which nature understands,  
The generous feeling told:

The high and sacred pledge it gave,  
That both were true, and both were brave,  
And something added of regret,  
At parting, when so lately met,  
And (not developed quite)  
Some dubious hopes of meeting yet,  
(As Heaven their devious paths might set)  
In friendship or in fight.

But short the truce that they can keep;  
For now the signals shrill, &c. &c.

## Morality.

### ON TRAVEL.

THERE are three countries of which it may be an advantage to a gentleman of fortune to see a little, I mean Holland, France, and Italy. The first with a view to commerce and police, the second to the elegance of life, and the last to curiosities in art, ancient and modern. In order to reap benefit from travel, it is absolutely necessary that a gentleman know well his own country before he sets out, that nothing he may meet with may be strange to him but what is peculiar to the place he travels through, by which means he may save himself a great deal of otherwise lost labour. This will also enable him to determine immediately in what particulars his own country has the advantage of foreign parts and the contrary. It will also be necessary that he make himself master, before he sets out, of as much of the knowledge of foreign countries, and what may be worthy

of his attention in them, as can be had in books, or conversation with those who have travelled, by which means he will go properly prepared to every place and every object.

The principal objects of enquiry of a traveller are evidently the characters and manners of different nations, their arts of government, connections, and interests, the advantages or disadvantages of different countries as to administration, police, commerce, and the rest, with the state of literature and the arts, and the remains of antiquity. An account of what one has observed in each different country, with the remarks which occurred upon the spot, ought to be constantly kept.

Nothing sets forth to view more conspicuously the difference between a young man of sense and a fool than travel. The first returns from foreign parts improved in easiness of behaviour, in modesty, in freedom of sentiment, and readiness to make allowances to those who differs from him, and in useful knowledge of men and manners. The other brings back with him a laced coat, a spoiled constitution, a gibberish of broken French and Italian, and an awkward imitation of foreign gestures.

Burgh.

## Anecdote.

MR. EDITOR,

Walking along the street the other day I found the following lines; if you think them worthy a place in your paper, you are at liberty to insert them. P.

MAY 4. Got up at 6 o'clock—cloudy morning—coming down stairs, slipped and fell from top to bottom. Half past 6, got up rider to go to town—slipped down in the stable-yard and tore my pantaloons—could not go to day. Went to the barn for some hay—fell off the mow and set my nose a bleeding. Seven o'clock, come to breakfast; in going past the fire, upset the coffee pot and scalded black Joe—got a knock aside the head for that. Eight o'clock; in my way to the woods, to cut some wood, fell in the brook and lost the ax—had to go home for another—got a hiding for that; went off to the woods without one. Nine o'clock; see a squirrel and killed it—sat down and cried. Ten o'clock; see daddy coming—sent me home; in getting an apple off the dresser, knocked down a tea-cup, and broke it; got a knock for that. Eleven o'clock; see uncle Tom coming—in holding the stirrup for him to get off—slipped out of my hand and let him fall—called me a blockhead—thought if that was all, it would do. Twelve o'clock; come in to dinner—mammy asked me why I had not drawn the cider; in the act of asking pardon, found the mug along side of my cheek—uncle Tom laughed at me. One o'clock; went out in the field to work—staid till six—come in to supper—found mammy mad—very sorry for that. Seven o'clock; went to neighbour Bills' and played fox and geese. Eight o'clock; came home and went to bed, hoping to-morrow I should have better luck.

### THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or for 52 numbers, by JAMES GRAM, No. 241 Pearl-Street, New-York. City subscribers, to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole in advance. It is a positive condition, that all letters and communications come free of postage.